

GERMAN PIRATES JEER AT DROWNING PASSENGERS

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

WITH THE ARMY THAT "WON'T BE BEATEN": NEW POLISH  
LEGION FIGHTING FOR THE TSAR.



Russia refuses to be defeated. This is the latest German lament, and one of their correspondents waxes quite wrath about it. The first picture shows the mascot of the new Polish legion on the march with the men. He has already seen service, having

been in the trenches with his father, who was killed. He made himself quite useful by carrying ammunition. The second picture shows an anti-aircraft gun waiting for German aeroplanes in Poland.



German prisoners are seen in the first picture. They were captured near Warsaw, the city Hindenburg cannot take. The second picture shows members of the Polish legion, which now numbers 20,000 men. It was formed at New Alexandria, near War-

saw, and the first batch has now gone to the front. The cavalry is composed chiefly of young noblemen and the infantry of peasants and industrial workers. One of the men, it will be seen, wears side whiskers like Marshal Soult.

These interesting pictures have just arrived in London from the eastern theatre of war. They were taken by Mr. G. H. Mewes, a "Daily Mirror" special photographic correspondent.





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#### Articles for Disposal.

BABY Cares from Face to toe on approval, carriage paid; no shop profits; cash or easy payments; write for lovely catalogue, post free, and save money.—Godwin Carriage Co. (Dept. 35), Coventry. CHINA! Crockery!—Cheap and good, for households, caterers, bazaar, shopkeepers, markets; bargains in tea, dinner and toilet sets; mixed crates from 15s. 6d., packed free; splendid value at reduced prices; special sale list, fully illustrated, now ready, write to-day.—Century Pottery, Dept. S.L. 9, Burslem, Staffs.

#### Wanted to Purchase.

ANTIQUES. Old China, handwork bags, silk pictures, old coloured prints, gold and silver valuables, oddments, etc. bought for cash.—Folchard, 355, Oxford-st., London. ARTIFICIAL Teeth sold Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, the original firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; 12s. 100 years. ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought; on valuations, up to £1 15s.; immediate cash or offer.—Call or post, mention Daily Mirror, Messrs. Page, 219, Oxford-st. London E.C. 150 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) wanted, any kind; up to 6s. each mixed teeth on valuations, 10s. 6d. on silver, 14s. on gold, 36s. on platinum; cash or offers unequalled elsewhere by return of post; goods returned post free if necessary.—J. Hayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester. Telephone 5050 City (mention D.M.). CAST-OFF Clothes.—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc. Best prices; buyers attend free; cash by return for parcels.—Myers, 36, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1843 Park.

#### MARKETING BY POST.

GAMER! Game! Game!—4 partridges, 3s. 6d.; 2 pheasants, 4s. 9d.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 3d.; 2 wild duck, 6d.; pheasants and 3 partridges, 5s. 3d.; 4lb. shoulder lamb and 2 partridges, 5s. 6d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 3d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Trost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-st., London, W.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50 per cent. buying from factory direct; agents wanted; send post card for list and particulars.—British Boot Co. (188), Portland-q., Bristol. CORNS Destroyed in 5 days or Newham's Corn Bitt, 7d. Newham's Corn Bitt, 7d. D'RING! Habit Carol secretly, quick, certain, cheap; trial free privately.—Fleet Druggist 211 Co., 8, Dorset-st., E.C. Write Sell Authors' MSS. and pay for same directly W. accepted; particulars free.—Cambridge Literary Agency, 8, Henrietta-st., London.

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If you are short, let me help you increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches in 3 months. Miss Davies 3 1/2 inches. Mr. Lindon 4 inches. Mr. Hunt 3 inches. Miss Lovell 4 inches. The system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, figure and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send a penny stamp for particulars and my £100 guarantee. ARTHUR BRIGGS, Specialist in the Increase of Height (Dept. A), 27, Strand Green Road, London, N.



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32/6 Powerful Binocular Field or Marine Glasses, as supplied to H.M. the King of Greece; great magnificent power (by Lumiere); most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; brilliant field of view; in solid leather dress case; week's free trial; great bargain, 32/6; approval before payment.  
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Your children will be well and cheaply fed if you use the all-nourishing food which has stood the test of 50 years.

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Use it in all cooking, to eke out the meat and make the most of milk. A 1 lb. packet will make 12 one-pint puddings, each sufficient for three persons. The addition of an egg makes a dish as nourishing as meat.

Money-saving recipes in every packet.

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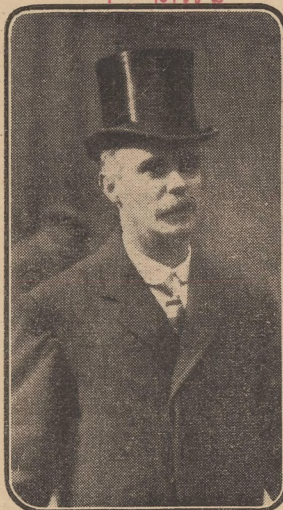
WITNESSES IN THE "DEAD BRIDES CASE": PRISONER'S INTERRUPTIONS. P. 16955 P. 16955 B C P. 16955 B P. 16955 e



Miss Blatch.



Miss Lofty.



Mr. Davies.



Mrs. Heiss.

Dramatic evidence was given at Bow-street yesterday by Miss Blatch, a landlady, when George Smith again appeared in the dock on a triple murder charge. He several times interrupted the proceedings and accused witnesses of lying. Among

the other witnesses were Ethel Susan Winifred Lofty, a sister of Margaret Lofty, one of the women alleged to have been murdered, and Mrs. Heiss. Mr. W. B. Davies represents the prisoner.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DESTINED FOR TUREEN. P. 16955 G



A sight to rejoice the heart of an alderman. Fine turtle on board a British ship.

ATTACKED BY PIRATES. P. 16955 H



Mr. Smith, third engineer of the steamer Vosges, wearing a coat perforated by shell fire.

IT GOT SAFELY OVER. P. 16955 I



A special engine which is used to haul big guns coming over the crest of a hill.

NAVAL AIRMAN'S TROPHY. P. 16955 J



A British naval airman, who will doubtless be recognised by many people, exhibiting his war trophy. It is the remains of a Zeppelin bomb.

PETITIONS IN HER HAT. P. 16955 K



With petitions adorning her hat, she tried to force her way into the Law Courts to present a letter to the Lord Chief Justice, and had to be removed.



# PRISONER'S DRAMATIC OUTBURSTS IN DEAD BRIDES' CASE.

Man Charged with Triple Murder  
Accuses Witnesses of Lying.

MUST PROTECT MY LIFE."

Highgate Landlady's Story of the  
Fatal Bath.

SOUNDS SHE HEARD.

"I am on a charge for my life . . . and it is my business to protect it. This has been made up by the detectives. . . I never said a word about the bath. . . I can tolerate the truth, but I cannot stand this."

This was one of the dramatic interruptions by prisoner during the hearing of the dead brides in baths' case, which was resumed at Bow-street Police Court yesterday. The prisoner, George Smith, aged forty-three, alleged to have murdered three of his brides—Beatrice Constance Annie Mundy, on July 13, 1912; Alice Burnham on December 12, 1913; Margaret Lofly on December 18, 1914. Accused was again remanded.

SPLASHING AND A SIGH."

Very dramatic evidence was given by Miss Lloyd, of Highgate, who says that her rooms to let a bath for "Mrs. Lloyd" and how she heard someone go upstairs.

And after you heard someone go upstairs, that was the next thing you heard? asked counsel.

This question came from Mr. Bodkin's lips with slow deliberation, and an impressive silence held the Court for a few seconds while the witness searched her mind for suitable words in which to frame a reply.

"I heard some splashing in the bath," she at length answered, "and that was about ten minutes after I had heard somebody go upstairs."

Witness was next asked what the splashing was like.

There was another pause. Then speaking as though she had been given careful consideration to her answer, she said:

"I heard a noise like arms knocking against the side of the bath. Then I heard a sigh. It was just like a sigh that would come from a baby that was having a bath or was having its face washed."

The Magistrate: It was like the recovery of the breath?—Yes. I do not know whether the sound came from the bathroom. There seemed to be a noise, too, like wet hands being slapped against something.

After the sigh you mention, what was the next thing you heard?—Nothing more.

What was the next sound you heard in the house?—Witness replied that she heard the organ being played.

Prisoner (interrupting): Where did I come now to play the organ?

The Magistrate told Smith not to interrupt. Disregarding the rebuff, Smith went on: "I ever went upstairs there."

Counsel (to the witness): How long was that after the last sound you heard in the bathroom?

Was there an interval between?

SOUND OF ORGAN-PLAYING.

Witness: Yes, there was an interval.

What were you doing?—I was ironing.

After the announcement to Mrs. Lloyd that the bath was ready, did you see who it was went upstairs?

Was there anything about the sound to indicate who went up or how many went up?—No.

How long did the organ-playing go on?—About ten minutes.

When it ceased what was the next sound you heard?—The front door bang.

What was the next sound?—The front door bell rang.

How long after?—Ten minutes. Witness added that she answered the bell.

Who was it?—The prisoner.

What did he say?—"I thought I had my key. I went out to get some tomatoes for Mrs. Lloyd's supper."

What else did he say?—"I will ask her if she would like some."

Continuing, the witness said prisoner went up and on the way upstairs he called, and then said: "My God, there is no answer." Prisoner next called to her: "She is in the bath; come and help me."

Witness replied that she could not go, and ran down for another lodger, who, she thought, was in the house.

"DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE."

She got no answer. When the prisoner called out the bathroom door was open. A second time he called out: "Do come and help me. Don't leave me alone."

"I then rushed up to the bathroom," added the witness, "and prisoner was there. He asked: 'Shall I turn the water off?' I said Yes; certainly. When I got into the bathroom I found he had Mrs. Lloyd's body out, although the two legs were still in the bath. I got hold of her arm and it felt quite cold."

Was there any water in the bath or had it been drawn off?—I could not say whether there was any water.

Witness added that she told prisoner she would fetch a policeman and a doctor. He replied that he would go, but she said she would go, and he told her to fetch Dr. Bates.

In a loud, hoarse voice Smith interrupted one of the witnesses, who deposed that when asking for apartments he inquired if there was a bath. Rising from his seat in the dock, Smith shouted excitedly: "I cannot sit here and hear this. This is a lot of lies. This has been made up by the detectives."

"You had better remain quiet," enjoined the magistrate.

"I am on a charge for my life," continued the prisoner, "and it is my business to protect it. This has been made up by the detectives. I never said a word about the bath. I can tolerate the truth, but I cannot stand this. This has all been made up by the detectives."

Mr. Davies tried to persuade the prisoner to remain silent, but, waving his solicitor aside, prisoner shouted: "Lies last week; I cannot stand it every day. I never said anything about the bath. She is paid for this."

The Magistrate (sternly): Keep quiet, sir.

Prisoner: I shall not. (To the witnesses): You are paid for this. I never said a word about the bath. Bribery, nothing but bribery.

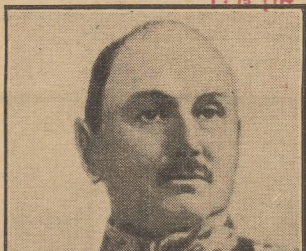
Prisoner then resumed his seat and was silent for a moment.

Then Inspector Neal, who has charge of the case, happened to pass behind the dock, and Smith turned to him and shouted: "You pay these people to say this, you dirty tick. It is all invention and nothing else."

## BATH IN COURT.

P.-C. Russett produced plans of the house, No. 14, Bismarck-road, Highgate, where Miss Lofly died.

The witness told Mr. Bodkin that he would recognise the bath if he saw it, and the bath was carried into the court by detectives. It was reared on end for the magistrate to see it, and



General von Kluck, who has been wounded by shrapnel. He failed to exterminate the "contemptible little British Army."

the audience at the back of the court craned their necks in order to get a good view. It was a low zinc bath, just over six feet in length.

The bath was taken out by the door marked "Prisoners only" after it had been identified by Russett.

The notes taken at the inquest on Miss Lofly were produced by Thomas Arthur Bird, the coroner's clerk. Smith then gave his name as John Lloyd.

The verdict of the jury, Mr. Bird added, was Suffocation; drowning in water; accidental.

Miss Ethel Lofly, an elder sister of deceased, of Woodstock-avenue, Redland, Bristol, stated that her sister had held various situations as lady's companion.

Mr. Bodkin: When did you first see the prisoner?—Not until last week, when I saw him here.

Witness added that she did not know that her sister was acquainted with the prisoner or that she contemplated marriage.

Emma Heiss, wife of Joseph Heiss, who lives at 16, Orchard-road, Highgate, was the next witness. She said that on December 4 last, in the absence of Mrs. Lokker, she answered a knock at the door. On the doorstep was a man whom she identified as prisoner. He asked her for a sitting-room and bedroom for himself and his wife.

Witness showed him a bedroom, and prisoner asked if there was a bathroom.

"I showed him a bathroom on the landing," proceeded witness, "and he said, 'This is a very small bath.'"

At this point prisoner interrupted the witness in the manner described above.

## COMPLAINT OF HEADACHE

Miss Louisa Blatch said that she kept an apartment house at 14, Bismarck-road, Highgate. Prisoner and his wife called on Thurs. day, December 17, and wanted apartments. She had a furnished bedroom on the second floor and she showed it to them. It was the only room on that floor, and they said they would take it and also the front room downstairs.

Counsel: As you were coming downstairs was anything said about other accommodation?—Mrs. Lloyd said: "Have you a bathroom?" I said: "Yes."

Smith (interposing): You have just said nothing else was said, and now you say something was said about a bathroom.

The Magistrate: Smith, will you keep quiet, or—

Prisoner: I am very sorry, Sir John, but I cannot sit here—

The Magistrate: Your interests will be carefully watched. Do not interrupt.

Proceeding, witness said that the woman complained of headache that evening, and, with her husband, went to bed early.

Witness then told how next day Mrs. Lloyd asked for a bath. Witness prepared it and told her it was ready.

Counsel: When you told her where was Lloyd?

Witness: "I told her," she said. "Very well," or "Thank you."

When you told Mrs. Lloyd her bath was ready where did you go?—I went to the kitchen, on the ground floor.

"A few minutes after I heard somebody go upstairs," added witness.

## MORE BREAD WASTED THAN EATEN.

The waste of bread, particularly among the wealthy, was the subject of severe comment at a meeting of the Institute of Hygiene held yesterday to discuss the question of food in war time.

We are extremely wasteful," said Dr. Hutchinson, "in our use of foods. We literally throw it away. That is, I believe, the main and most important thing to preach at this moment."

Mr. Cathcart Watson, M.P., said that more bread was wasted among the well-to-do classes than was consumed.

## SUICIDES AFTER INFLUENZA.

That influenza had been the cause of several suicides recently was a suggestion made by the Wandsworth coroner yesterday during an inquest on a young woman who had poisoned herself.

He said that of late he had had a large number of cases where people took their lives without any cause being suggested, but in some instances they had been depressed after a weak attack of influenza.

It had been a very common form this season, and although not apparently serious at the time it did leave very grave after-effects. He had been recently forced to the conclusion that the only explanation of several cases of suicide was to be found in attacks of this form of influenza.

## PASSOVER AND "CHOMETZ" SEARCH.

Passover, the great festival at which Jews scattered all over the world unite in celebration of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, commenced at sunset yesterday.

In all Jewish homes yesterday after breakfast there was a close search for any "chometz"—leavened food—which might still remain.

Whatever "chometz" was found left over after the breakfast meal yesterday was carefully gathered together and either destroyed or given away by ten o'clock.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Mostly fair, some slight snow showers, continuing cold.

Look out for next Sunday's GRAND EASTER NUMBER OF THE SUNDAY PICTORIAL. It will be a wonderful penny-worth.

## CANADIAN TROOPS AS GOOD AS THE BEST.

Sir Max Aitken's Splendid Tribute to Heroes from Overseas.

## GUNNERS' FINE DEBUT.

Some deeply interesting notes on the life of the Canadian troops serving with the Expeditionary Force in Flanders were issued yesterday.

They come from the pen of Sir Max Aitken, Unionist M.P. for Ashdon-under-Lyne, who is a young man with a passion for "doing things." Son of a Presbyterian Minister, he began work in his teens as an insurance agent, and then astonished Canadians by bringing about the amalgamation of two banks.

Later he reorganised the Montreal Trust and Deposit Company, of which he became vice-president, and before he was thirty gained the reputation of having "made a million." He came to England and gained the honour of knighthood when he was thirty-two. He was born in 1878.

## CAN HOLD THEIR OWN WITH ANY

Splendid tribute is paid by Sir Max to the Canadian soldiers who have left home and work and, in many cases, brilliant prospects to fight for Britain and Empire.

The most severe military critics, he says, both in England and in France, are loud in their admiration of the organising power which in a non-military country has produced so fine a force in so short a time.

In equipment, in all the countless details which in co-ordination mean efficiency, the division can hold its own with any division at the war.

That Canadian troops now at the front have been infected by the British soldiers' passion



SIR MAX AITKEN.

for football is shown by the following incident narrated by Sir Max.

A spirited match was in progress near our lines not long ago when a distracting succession of Wepoy Willie's shells began to contribute themselves not very far from the football ground.

The only people who took no notice were the players, and nothing short of a peremptory order from the Provost Marshal was able to bring to an end a game which was somewhat unnecessarily dangerous.

Our men have, of course, made the acquaintance of Jack Johnson, and, without liking him, for he is not likeable, they endure him with as much constancy as a brave man need.

Nor, indeed, have our own artillery failed to do more than hold their own.

The gunners inherited from the division which preceded them in the trenches a disagreeable inheritance in the shape of an observation post which had long harassed and menaced our lines by the information which it placed at the disposal of the enemy.

We were so fortunate as to put it out of action in the third round which we fired—a success very welcome as an encouragement and giving a very substantial relief from an unwholesome scrutiny.

## AIR OF HOME.

Describing the life of Canadian troops billeted in small towns in Flanders, Sir Max writes:—

Picture to yourself a narrow street, the centre paved, the sides of tenacious mud. Line it on each side with houses rather squalid and with a few unimportant stores.

Add a chateau (not a grand one) for the Headquarters, a modest office for the staff, and you have a fair conception of the billeting place which shelters that part of the division which reposes there.

Walk down the street, and you will, if you are a Canadian, feel at once something familiar and homelike in the atmosphere.

It may be the speech of New Brunswick, it may be the voice of British Columbia, or it may be the accents in which the French Canadian, the tongue which is adapted to the French of Flanders, the tongue which his ancestors centuries ago carried to a new world, but, whichever it be, it is all Canadian.

And soon a company swings by, going perhaps to bath parade, to that expeditious process which in half an hour has cleansed the bathers and fumigated every rag which they possessed.



Waiting to see the witnesses arrive at Bow-street, where the "dead brides in baths" case was resumed yesterday.—"Daily Mirror" photograph.)



# SEA PIRATES LAUGH WHILE LINER'S WOMEN PASSENGERS DROWN

## Falaba Torpedoed While Boats Were Being Lowered.

## 61 PASSENGERS AND 43 OF CREW MISSING.

## Captain and Seven Others Die from Exposure After Being Rescued.

## "GAVE US NO CHANCE AT ALL: IT WAS SEA MURDER."

"The German submarine circled round the drowning people, her crew laughing at their struggles, and making no effort to help them."

That is the terrible crime of one of Von Tirpitz's sea pirates—clearly showing that they are now playing the part of the old-time cut-throat buccaners; but of all the German sea crimes this laughter at drowning people is the most hideous.

It is a lurid episode in the torpedoing of the African liner Falaba, one of the two ships which have just fallen victims to the sea pirates.

The official announcement was made last night by the Secretary of the Admiralty as follows:

British s.s. *Agula*, 2,114 tons, belonging to the Yeoward Line, while on passage from Liverpool to Lisbon, was torpedoed off Pembroke at 6 p.m. on March 27. The vessel sank. Twenty-three of the crew and three passengers are missing. The master and nineteen of the crew have been landed at Fishguard.

British s.s. *FALABA*, 4,806 tons, owned by Elder, Dempster and Co., Ltd., was torpedoed on March 28 to the south of the St. George's Channel, and sank in ten minutes.

The ship carried a crew of about ninety persons, with 160 passengers. About 140 survivors have been picked up, eight of whom, including the captain, died afterwards. It is feared that many were killed by the explosion of the torpedo.

Dutch s.s. *AMSTEL*, 653 tons, owned to P. A. Vaneas and Co., of Rotterdam, when on passage from there to Goole, struck a mine at 4 a.m. on March 29 in the German minefield off Flamborough.

## SURVIVORS' STORIES OF LAST TEN MINUTES.

## Captain Davies One of Last to Leave the Doomed Vessel.

Thrilling stories were told by passengers from the torpedoed liner. Many of the rescued passengers arrived at Paddington yesterday.

Mr. Johnstone, of London, said it was about 1 p.m., when opposite the south of Ireland, that they saw the periscope of a German submarine.

"The submarine signalled to us to stop," continued Mr. Johnstone, "but the vessel put on full speed and tried to get away. The submarine, however, was very fast, and soon overhauled us.

"The submarine came right alongside the ship and gave us ten minutes to leave. There was no panic, and we got on board the boats as fast as we could. About twenty or thirty of the passengers and crew, however, were left on the ship.

"I managed to get into the gig, which was the last of the eight boats to leave. When we had got 500 yards away the submarine fired a torpedo at the *Falaba*. Our shot was sufficient.

"The boat heeled over and went down in ten minutes. The submarine then disappeared."

Mr. Johnstone said that some of the boats collapsed, and the passengers were thrown into the water.

Mr. Unwin, of Southgate, London, another passenger, said:—

"The commander of the submarine, by word of mouth, I believe, ordered us to launch the boats and leave the vessel, and while we were doing so the enemy craft manoeuvred to get into a good position from which to strike us.

"In a very few minutes before all the passengers had time to be clear of the vessel the submarine discharged the torpedo and struck her. The *Falaba* foundered in about ten minutes.

"There was perfect discipline on board, and no panic among the passengers.

"I don't believe that all the boats were launched successfully. I managed to get into the jolly boat, which carried about seventy passengers.

"We were clear before the *Falaba* was torpedoed, and, I think, were about 300 yards away when she foundered.

"Captain Davies, I believe," he added, "was one of the last to leave the vessel. He swam for it and was picked up unconscious, and died within a very few minutes. About twenty minutes elapsed between the time when we have to and when the submarine torpedoed us."

Another passenger said there were six women on board, but no children. I believe four of the women have been saved.

"The whole affair was most dastardly. They gave us no chance at all, and it was nothing but sea murder."

### HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICES.

The rescued passengers join in praising the gallantry of the officers and crew. Many, they say, sacrificed their lives in preserving those of passengers.

An officer of the Highland Light Infantry offered his lifebelt to one of the stewardesses, but she declined it, and both were drowned.

Survivors also spoke in the strongest possible terms in regard to the inhuman conduct of the German crew. Although they only saw one submarine on the surface, they think they caught sight of the periscope of a second boat. When the people were drowning in the water and were grasping frantically at floating objects the Germans seem to have been especially delighted, and laughed and jeered as though they were enjoying the scene immensely.

## STRUGGLE FOR LIFE WHILE PIRATES LOOK ON.

## Three Boats Swamped and Their Occupants Thrown Into Sea.

The *Falaba* was bound from Liverpool, which she left on Saturday evening, for the west coast of Africa, and, according to survivors' stories, at noon on Sunday they were hailed by a German submarine, which gave three whistles. They were told that they had ten minutes to get the boats out, but before these could be successfully launched the *Falaba* was torpedoed in a vital part.

The submarine circled round the drowning people, her crew laughing at their struggles. A drifter—the *Eileen Emma*—came up in time to pick up from the boats and the water about 140 of the passengers and crew, and these she landed at Milford.

The *Eileen Emma*, it is stated, chased the submarine for over an hour before the liner was torpedoed, trying to ram her.

### CAPTAIN DEAD.

Captain Davis, of the liner, was picked up dead, and the chief officer was in the water for two and a half hours before being rescued.

Two stewardesses were drowned. Lieutenant Blakney, R.A.M.C., was picked up dead, as was also Corporal Wallace, of the R.A.M.C. Six R.A.M.C. men and ten other soldiers were on board.

The eight dead bodies are now at Milford, and five injured persons are in the naval hospital at Pembroke Dock.

The official list supplied at the Elder Dempster offices shows that, as far as is at present known, fifty-two first-class passengers, thirty-four second-class passengers and forty-nine of the crew are saved. Four passengers and four of the crew are reported dead. There are missing sixty-one passengers and forty-three of the crew.

### LIST OF VICTIMS.

One body, not identified as yet, was picked up, and the following three persons are injured:—Second Engineer Peat, Lieutenant Charles Toller and Mr. A. J. Cottingham.

The list of dead up to the present is as follows:—

Passengers, J. Dawson, Corporal W. Ernest Wallace, R.A.M.C., Lieut. Blakney, R.A.M.C.

Crew—Captain F. Davis (commander of the ship), Frank Ellison and Thomas Evans (stewards), and John Meyer, a negro.

## VON KLUCK WOUNDED BY SHRAPNEL SHELL.

## General Who Tried to Wipe Out British Injured During Inspection.

General von Kluck—the man who tried to carry out the Kaiser's order to exterminate the "contemptible little British Army," and failed—has been wounded.

The announcement was made yesterday in the German official communiqué that he was slightly wounded by shrapnel when inspecting the most advanced position. His condition is satisfactory.

General von Kluck—irreverently known to "Thomas Atkins" as "Ole von O'clock"—has been one of the most prominent figures in the German Army since the beginning of the war. "Take Paris or die," the Kaiser had said, and General von Kluck was reported to be ready for both emergencies.

But neither of these events has happened, although the first seemed imminent in the early days of the campaign.

## SIGNAL STATION MINED.

PARIS, March 29.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In the region of Ypres we blew up with a mine a German signalling station.

At Evargues the enemy sought to retake the trenches lost on March 27. After a violent bombardment our gain was on the whole maintained.

The enemy gained a footing in some positions of the old trenches, and we besides progressed at other points.—Exchange.

AMSTERDAM, March 29.—Two Zeppelins have been sighted over the northern end of the Dutch island of Schiermonnikoog, proceeding in a westerly direction.—Central News.

## ATTACK ON BOSPHORUS.

PETROGRAD, March 29.—The following official bulletin is published here:—

The Black Sea fleet yesterday bombarded the outside forts and batteries of the Bosphorus on both sides of the Straits. According to observations made from the ships and seaplanes, the shells fell with exactitude.

The Russian airmen flying above the Bosphorus have carried out reconnaissances and dropped bombs with success.

The enemy's torpedo-boats, which tried to come out, were driven back into the Straits by the fire of our guns.

A large hostile four-masted ship, which was trying to get into the Bosphorus from seaward, was bombarded by us. She finally heeled over and blew up.—Reuter.

## RUSSIANS FORCE GERMANS BACK.

PETROGRAD, March 29.—A communiqué issued early this morning says:—

"In the German offensive to the east of the Szkwia a whole division was engaged. It suffered heavy loss, and not only did not capture any of our trenches, but was obliged to abandon its first line of trenches at the village of Tartak.

"Great German forces are taking part in the obstinate battle at Wach. We have advanced some distance behind the enemy's line, and have captured an ambulance and its staff.

"At the village of Domanevice, on the Pilizia, the retreating Germans, in their disorderly flight, abandoned a huge quantity of correspondence.—Reuter.

## "OUR GREATEST FOE IS DRINK."

## Mr. Lloyd George on the King's Very Deep Concern Over War Works Slackness.

## "CLOSE ALL HOUSES."

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink."

"As far as I can see the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink."

These were the grave words used last night by Mr. Lloyd George to a deputation from the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation which he received at the Treasury.

Startling facts regarding the drink problem in military areas were revealed by members of the deputation, who suggested a total prohibition during the period of the war of the sale of excisable liquors.

Mr. Lloyd George, in replying, made this important statement:—

"I had the privilege of an audience with his Majesty this morning.

"I am permitted to say by him that he is very deeply concerned on this very question—very deeply concerned—and the concern which is felt by him is, I am certain, shared by all his subjects in this country."

## "STOP ALL SALE OF DRINK."

In labour circles it is believed that the Government will shortly take drastic measures in regard to the selling of liquor.

One large union, the National Transport Workers' Federation, has written to Mr. Lloyd George promising the Government their support in any drastic measures they may deem advisable to reduce the results of intemperance to a minimum.

The deputation was representative of the leading shipbuilding firms in the country.

It was unanimous in urging that in order to meet the national requirements at the present time and the urgent necessities of the position there should be a total prohibition during the period of the war of the sale of excisable liquors.

Total prohibition, it was proposed, should apply as an emergency war measure not only to public-houses, but to private clubs and other licensed premises, so as to operate equally for all classes of community.

It was stated that in many cases the number of hours being worked was actually less than before the war, and, in spite of Sunday labour and all other extra time, the total time worked on the average in almost every industry was less than the normal number of hours per week.

In spite of working night and day seven days a week, less productivity was being secured from the men.

The deputation was of opinion that this was principally due to drink.

## "K. OF K.'S." VIEW.

Mr. Lloyd George, in reply, said the statement the deputation had made were of the gravest possible character in the national interests.

He almost wished it were possible to cast doubt upon statements which were so alarming.

He noticed a certain amount of impatience at the fact that the Government had not up to the present taken even more drastic action than that which they had taken.

Before taking steps of that kind they must feel confident that they were not going in advance of general sentiment.

They must be sure that they had every class in the community behind them.

Mr. Lloyd George said he was sure that the country was beginning to realise the gravity of the position.

It was very difficult for Ministers to tell the country how serious it was.

The Chancellor continued:—

"I must say that I have a growing conviction, based on accumulating facts, that nothing but root-and-branch methods will be of the slightest avail in dealing with this evil.

### "PURELY QUESTION OF MUNITIONS."

"Success in the war is now purely a question of munitions; I say that not on my own authority, but on the authority of our great General, Sir John French.

"I think it is venture to say that that is also the conviction of the Secretary of State for War, and it is also the conviction of all those who know anything about the military problem; that in order to enable us to win all we require is an increase, and an enormous increase, in the shells, rifles and all other munitions and equipment which are necessary to carry through a great war.

"You have proved to us to-day quite clearly that the excessive drinking in the works connected with these operations is interfering seriously with that output.

"I can only promise you this at the present moment, that the words which I have addressed to my colleagues and myself will be taken into the most careful consideration by my colleagues when we come to our final decision on this question."

## SINKING of the FALABA.

### THE MOST AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WAR.

"The Daily Mirror" has been able to secure an amazing series of photographs taken from the *Falaba*.

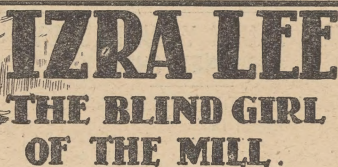
Such photographs have never before appeared. Not only are they unique, but they have never been approached.

They show at a glance Germany's dastardly work of piracy. It is like witnessing the incident.

To see these pictures you must order tomorrow's "Daily Mirror" at once. The demand will be enormous.



**BEGINS TO-DAY.**



### Nancy Croft Meets Izra.

"Mind the Weather," is on the cover.)—(Advt.)



# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1915.

## WHAT WOULD COME TO AN END?

THERE is a familiar remark, periodically produced for consideration, to the effect that "if Christianity were really applied to everyday life the world would come to an end." Our pessimists immediately retort with "A good thing, too!"—and no doubt the early Christians would have agreed with them, since they lived (as they supposed) on the edge of the great catastrophe, and thought and planned as though it would be but for a very little while that they would need to plan and think any more.

Perhaps, however—now that we have had so many centuries to think it over—perhaps it isn't quite so obvious to us that the world would come to an end, if we really were Christians, instead of, as hitherto, only pretending to be Christians and compromising with Christianity. Perhaps if we applied Christianity, all that would really result would be for the people who applied it to be swiftly wiped out. Their world would come to an end at once. Another world would go on, as before.

And let us add that this, very likely, is all that our dreamers and vague idealists, our Dr. Lytteltons and Canon Simpsons, fail to understand. When they preach early Christianity to a world of compromises, they are received in utter amazement which is swiftly followed by rage. They say in effect: "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him." And as the adversary happens to be a race of professor-maddened doctrinaires, led by a brutal clique, the advice sounds very foolish. They say: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." The sort of thing to preach to Belgium just now! In answer, a shout of indignation goes up. They add: "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." Exactly! If the Germans want Belgium, give them France, too. "Love your enemies." Love Germany. "Bless them that curse you." Bless the Berlin hate-Englanders. "Do good to them that hate you." Offer free food to Berlin. And so on, for a long, long while—perfectly authentic Christianity!

Why then, when a modern man gets up and slightly adapts it to what he supposes to be the needs of the moment—why this howl of rage against him?

Simply because the world sees that to behave thus would be to hand over all faintly struggling good to violently aggressive evil. The world would not come to an end. But Belgium, France, and Britain, as separate existences, would, and that to us, in this trying moment, would be like the triumph of the Devil. And nowhere is it written in Scripture that you must give the Devil all he asks. It is easy to identify the Devil with our enemies. We will not go so far as to make the identification. But certainly the non-resistance doctrine would lead to the triumph of brutality over lovingkindness. And that is why it is an impossible doctrine for all but the last few months or weeks of a world coming to an end. In a world likely to last, freedom and kindness, love and friendship must alas, on certain rare occasions, take up arms and fight with the weapons of the world. Our literal preachers of early Christianity would be spared much pain if they would realise this chronological error of theirs, and bow their heads in silence till the end of the war gives them a better opportunity.

W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 29.—Few flowers have such a long flowering season as the violets. If carefully attended to they will be seen from the first of October. Although low-growing plants, they send down their roots to a great depth. Therefore, when beds are being prepared for them, let the soil be deeply stirred and made rich. Thoroughly hardened plants may now be set out. It is wise to nip off the flower-buds for a few weeks until good roots have been formed.

E. P. T.

## SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson

SOMEbody, never mind who, tells me that in a week or two we shall see Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson back again on the stage. She is going to appear at the Palladium in a new series of "classic" dances, and she is to be "supported" by a bevy of beauteous damsels diaphanously draped.

The Rue de la Paix.

IF one wants to know what the war has done to Paris, take a walk down the Rue de la Paix, writes one of my dearest friends in Paris. "In ordinary times, between four and seven, it is almost impassable. Luxurious equipages and smart limousines stand in rows on each side of

Nurses in Turkish Trousers.

I HAVE heard a lot of military chatter this week. One of the party of voluntary helpers who went out to Serbia on relief work in the early part of this year has returned after a terrible bout of typhus followed by Uskud fever. He told me that the nurses in Serbian hospitals wear garments like Turkish trousers when on duty in the wards, as it has been found skirts are much more liable to carry infection with their flowing materials.

Too Hard for Them.

VERY few of the Red Cross nurses who go out on these expeditions actually serve in the hospital. They are for the most part entirely un-

## SONS AND FATHERS.

Questions for the Old and New Generation After the War.

"ONLY" SONS.

IT is the most extraordinary thing to me, this question of over-population. Why is there no talk of under-population in our aristocracy and in our moneyed middle class. By the word "moneyed" I mean middle classes who can afford children.

To me it is a terrible thing to see in our newspapers of to-day the hundreds of deaths of only sons. Why is this? I think you will be doing a great service to the country if you could bring to all people's notice the fact that it is the people who can afford families who don't have them, so that the aristocracy and the middle classes are on the high road to extinction.

LOVER OF ENGLAND.

THREE CHILDREN.

YOUR correspondent's theory that "high birth rates cause poverty, poverty causes unrest, and unrest leads to strikes, riots or wars," surely must be a dream of his own imagining, or does he suggest that all the great wars of the past can be traced to this same source?

His contention that a general reduction in the birth-rate would prevent war is followed by the statement that Germany has been reducing hers amazingly fast in the last few years.

How does he account, then, for the fact that Germany is the direct cause of this greatest war in the history of the world?

Lastly, he seems content with these children per family. I am inclined to doubt whether an average of families in this country would show more, or that he has taken into consideration the many families that happen to consist only of husband and wife.

A BRITISH TOMMY.

Christchurch, Hants.

"WAR ERIDES."

I THINK the questions of marriage and the birth rate may be safely left for settlement after the war. At the same time, it must be understood that a high birth rate does not of necessity mean a strong nation and quality, not quantity, should be the motto for all.

As for marriage, it is deplorable to note that even now women think of marriage first and their country afterwards. The rush to marry, due to the inordinant vanity of women who wish to be in the fashion as "war brides," shows no sign of slackening.

INSPIRATION.

A WOMAN'S love should be a source of strength and inspiration to a man at all times. How much more so to those who are fighting our battles for them! Then, too, it is not the thought of someone to whom they may always turn for sympathy and understanding that helps people in times of stress? Perfect comradeship between man and woman is one of God's good gifts.

V. A.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

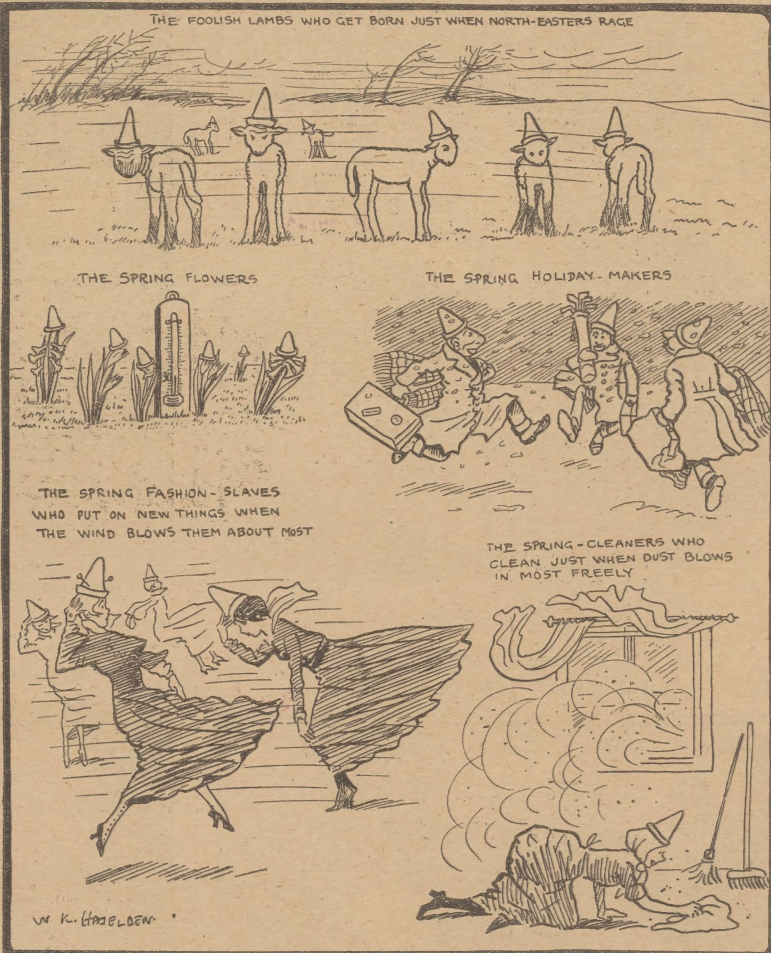
If by silence we hide the faults of others, God also will hide ours; but if we divulge them, God will also make known our own.—S. Paemen.

## HARD WEATHER.

Bursts from a rending East in flaws  
The young green leaflets, harrier, swoon  
To strew the garden, strip the shaws,  
And show our Spring with banner torn.  
Was ever such virago morn?  
The wind has teeth, the wind has claws.  
All the wind's wolves through woods are loose,  
The wild wind's falcony aloft,  
Shrill underfoot the grassblade shews,  
At gallop, clumped, and down the croft  
Beside by shaws, beaten, tossed;  
It seems a scythe, it seems a rod.  
The howl is up at it, and down at it,  
The shivers greet and the shivers nod.

—GEORGE MEREDITH.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE WHO SHOULD WEAR FOOLS' CAPS



—all those who persist, in spite of evidence, in believing in the spring at this time of year. Plants come out each year, people go away. Yet each year the icy blasts and the snows warn us what spring is.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

the street, the atmosphere is redolent of wild violets and verbenas, and alert 'tigers' and good-looking chauffeurs open doors for elegant and handsome women of every nationality as they cross the pavement to the dressmaker's, the milliner's or the jeweller's."

So Dull Now.

"TO-DAY the Bond street of Paris is a watery image of its former self. It has lived up a bit since the dark days of August and September, and some of the shops have reopened. Things are improving every day, but no one—least of those engaged in these 'commerces de luxe'—is making any money."

Glad of the Moratorium.

MILLINERS tell the same tale. There is no season, no racing, no first nights, and consequently, little demand for new hats. As for the jewellers in the Rue de la Paix, those who make big incomes in the piping times of peace, they have been harder hit than anyone. This is not the moment for displaying precious stones. And some of the best-known houses are very thankful that, owing to the moratorium, the landlord is obliged to wait for his rent.

fitted, physically or mentally, to bear the horrors of the work. Pretty girls who have been gently nurtured and have gone through a course of duties at an English hospital have no glimmer of an idea of the terrible suffering that awaits them out there.

A Warwickshire Wedding.

AN important wedding, I hear, is fixed for April 14 at Adderbury, Banbury, between Mr. Ronald Holbech, of Farnborough, Warwickshire, and Sir Leigh and Lady Hoskyns' youngest daughter, Catherine, but the ceremony will be quiet, owing to mourning. Sir Leigh, whose home is Cotefield, Banbury, succeeded his brother last summer in the family baronetcy.

From Dresses to Dressings.

I HEAR that Lady Duff-Gordon, who in peace times occupies so conspicuous a position in the Temple of Fashion in Paris and London, is tending the wounded at the Priano Palace Hotel. It seems strange to think of the woman who makes a business of designing clothes taking to the rougher work of soothing the sufferings of men who have fought and bled for their country.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

us on sea and land!  
The thought of someone to whom they may always turn for sympathy and understanding that helps people in times of stress? Perfect comradeship between man and woman is one of God's good gifts.



## RIDING IN THE ROW

P. 17163



Master Cross, son of the late Colonel Cross, of the Grenadier Guards, riding his pony in Rotten Row. He is always dressed in khaki, and wears the uniform of an officer. He will probably be a real one some day.

## A FAIR BRIDE

P. 17163



Miss D. M. T. Bailey, who was married in London yesterday to Captain Frederick Grant Wilson.

## OFFICER KILLED.

P. 17163



Lieutenant A. W. Batson, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, reported killed.—(Langhien.)

## FRENCH MINE A TRENCH

P. 119118



A trench in the Hauts-de-Meuse after its capture by the French. It was first of all mined and then carried with irresistible dash at the point of the bayonet. The picture was taken by the French.

## KILLING GERMANS MAKES THEM THIRSTY.

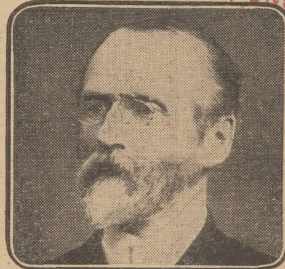
P. 272 A



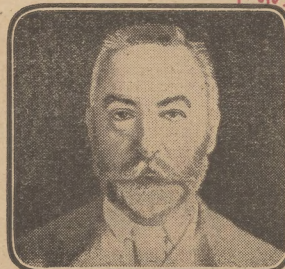
Russians enjoying a meal after being relieved from duty in the trenches. The Tsar's soldiers are fine trenchermen, and are always ready for something to eat. They also consume great quantities of tea, the Army being now entirely teetotal.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## RETIRING.

P. 2993 B



Sir Laurence Gomme, chief clerk to the L.C.C., who also retires to-day. He knows all about London's history and folklore.—(Lafayette.)



Mr. Lincoln, the House of Commons postmaster, who retires to-day. This official has to deal with immense masses of letters for members.



French sappers tend a wounded German. The sappers roughly bound his wounds and then carried him to a hospital.



# WHICH THE ENEMY FLED

8.119.116.8



Shows the effect of the explosion and kit which the Germans left behind in their Many of them were killed.

# TO WED PILOT

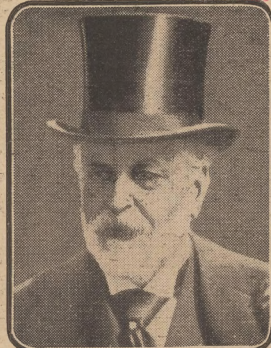
P. 16463



Miss Arlingham Davies, who is to marry Flight-Commander A. B. Gaskell, a naval airman.

# LORD ROTHSCHILD.

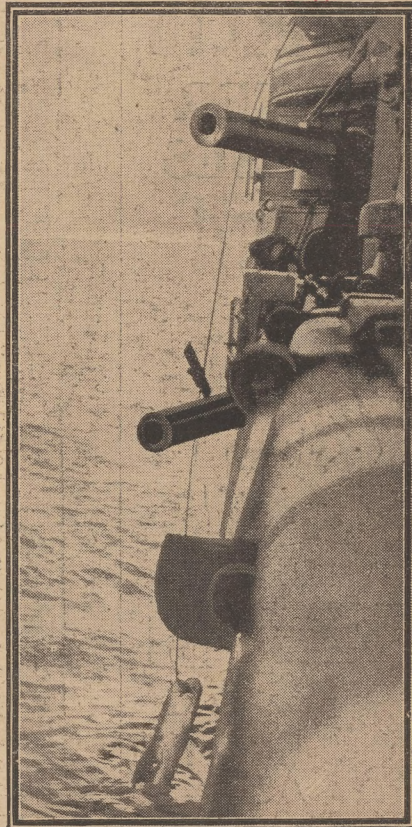
P. 1433



Lord Rothschild, who has just undergone a severe operation. He is progressing favourably.

# BIG FISH FOR JACK

8.1711



A shark hooked by men on a British warship being hauled aboard. But our sailors want to catch some more "German sharks," only the breed is very timid



For two days without succour. water. They then carried is life.

# CROSS FOR AIRMAN.

P. 5462



Lieutenant L. A. Strange, who dropped three bombs on the railway junction at Courtrai under heavy fire. He receives the Military Cross.

8.11914 D



Respirator which is worn by men who are constantly exposed to the fumes of the modern lyddite shell. These fumes are very harmful.

# AN ICED DRINK FOR THE HORSE.

8.428



The Russian soldier finds that his horse is thirsty, so he breaks a small hole in the ice and the animal thus obtains a drink. This is an everyday incident in a country where all the water is frozen hard.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



# WHITELEYS EASTER BLOUSES



MANTON.—Rich Crêpe de Chên Blouse in original and charming style. Designed and made in our own workrooms. Daintily hemstitched and collar finished with Black Silk Stook, over which is a hemstitched Muslin Collar. Cuffs to correspond. In Shell Pink, Cream, and Black only. Sizes 13 to 15. Post free. **12/9**



MARSAY.—Washing Silk Shirt. Good reliable quality. Tailor-cut in our own workrooms and very carefully shaped for useful sports' wear. Sizes 13 to 15. Post free. **8/11**

**WM. WHITELEY LTD**  
QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W

## INDIAN "LUCKY STONE" FREE.

Do you want to change your luck? Do you want to be fortunate in life, successful in business, and to have everything come your way? If so you should possess my real Indian "Lucky Stone," which has brought good luck and happiness to thousands. In order to further introduce these mysterious, beautiful and lucky stones from Ceylon, I am giving away a limited number. Write to-day enclosing stamp for booklet about the "Lucky Stone," containing letters from people who possess them, together with free offer.

**RICHARD S. FIELD**  
(Dept. 1), 58, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Doc Scrubbing Brush  
Works with a rush  
When Old Dutch Cleanser  
Speeds him—  
Prevents attacks  
Of aching backs  
And guards the hand that  
Leads him.

Old Dutch Cleanser  
makes all cleaning light  
—Floors, Linoleums,  
Cooking Utensils,  
Sinks, Cupboards,  
Brasses, Windows,  
Marble—everything.

### FREE

"THE SPICKANS PAN  
FOLKS," a Funny Jingle Book  
with Coloured Pictures, for  
Children, sent on request to  
"OLD DUTCH," 28a, Monument  
Street, London, E.C.

**Old Dutch  
Cleanser**  
Of all Grocers, Oilmen & Ironmongers.



### PERSONAL.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent St. W.  
\*.\* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 10d per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisements Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-26, Boulevard, London N.

### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—"ODDS AND ENDS" Revue, by Harry Gratian, 9.15 (Reappearance of Delysia). Viola Tene in "Dinner for Eight," by E. F. Benson, 8.40. Mat., Thursday and Saturday, 2.30.  
ADELPHI, Strand. SATURDAY NEXT, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Revue, "VERONIQUE," a Comic Opera. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2. First Mat., Wed., Ap. 7. BOX OFFICE, 10.6. Tele. 2645 and 6886 Ger.  
CRITICUM. At 8.30, "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3844.  
DRURY LANE. SEATED ORDER 84 ED. Mat., 7.45. MARIE ILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS. SPECIAL MATINEE, EASTER MONDAY.  
DUKE OF YORKS. Every Evening, at 9. Frohman presents ADLIE GARY DENNIS in ROSE KATZMANN, "THE PRIDE OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS." J. M. BAKIRIE. Preceded, at 8.15, by THE NEW WORD, by J. M. BAKIRIE. Mat., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.  
GARRICK. At 8.30, "EXCUSE ME!" Matinee, Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 5513.  
KATZMANN. MONDAY, 2.30 and 8.30, Return of "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." Yvonne Arnaud as Suzanne.  
GLOBE. Eggs, 8.15. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART.  
HAYMARKET. At 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 1.10 to 7.6d.  
HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. GLASCOED HOLY SEAL. EASTER MONDAY, at 2.30. 2 and 8. DAVID COPPERFIELD. (Last 2 Weeks.)  
LYRIC. The MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. DENNIS EADIE. At 8.15. Mat., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. SAVOY. TO-NIGHT, at 8.45. Mr. H. B. IRVING in "SEARCHLIGHTS." At 8.15, "The Plumbers."  
SCALA. KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, including The East Coast Air Raid, sinking of the "Blucher," Falklands and North Sea Battles, etc. (Tel. Ger. 6696).  
TALES OF HOFFMANN. Opening Saturday Next, April 3, with MADAME BUTTERFLY. Matinee, at 2. VAUDEVILLE. At 8.45. IRIS BOLEY. At 8.15. Musical Milestones. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30. ALHAMBRA.—"ROSE GERARD." The New Revue. Starts, 8.45. Varieties, 8.15. Mat., Sat., 2.30.

HIPPODROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. "BUSINESS AS USUAL." VIOLET LORRAINE, UNITY MORE, WINT. FRED ELLICE, HARRY TAPE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNS, VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRY LEON. PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," at 8.35, with ELISIE JANIS, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, LEWIS SYDNEY, etc. Varieties at 8 (Mlle. Nicolaiewa and M. Legat, Frank Foster, etc.). Matinee, WEDS. and SATS. and EASTER MONDAY, at 2. PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. Matinee, Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. ALBERT CHEVALIER, WISH WYNNE, G. H. ELLIOTT, GERTIE GITANA, JAY LAURIER, SAMMY SHIELDS, JACK CLEARY, GRAHAM MOFFATT'S CO. in "THE CONCEALED BED," etc.

### SITUATIONS VACANT.

A GOOD Agent Wanted; a man with spare time may secure a good and independent position; no risk or outlay.—Address O 2020, "Daily Mirror," 23, Boulevard, E.C.  
SMAITH Boy Wanted for office of London Newspaper.—S Apply Box 2017, "Daily Mirror," 23 and 29, Boulevard, E.C.  
WANTED immediately, soldier disabled in the war as office messenger; must be known London well; man preferred who has been in London newspaper or printing office; wages 20s. per week.—Apply Secretary, Newspaper Proprietors' Association, 71, Fleet St., London, E.C.  
YOUNG Lady Clerk wanted in a wholesale City warehouse; must have had experience, good writer, and correct at figures.—Write, giving all particulars, and send photograph, to Box No. 2040, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard, E.C.  
YOUNG Scots.—Recruits wanted for the Scottish Enlistment. Recruits must be under 17 years of age.—Apply any evening between 7 and 9.30 o'clock, 152, St. Paul's, Highgate, N.

### GARDENING.

SEEDS.—Free trial packets, with bargain Lists Seed Potatoes, Roses, Bulbs, Plants, Fruit Trees; cash or easy terms.—A. Lighton, 57, Kirtley, Boston.  
10/6 WORTH Seeds for 2s.—Your Potatoes for Nothing. 1 pt. "I Come First," 1 pea, 1 pt. King of Peas, 1 pt. "Table Talk," 1 pt. Marrowfat, 1 pt. Beans, 1 oz. Onion, 1 oz. Carrot, 1 oz. Parsnip, 1 oz. Turnip, 1 oz. Radish, 1 oz. Cress; larger packet each following: Flower, Broccoli, Savoy, B. Sprouts, Cabbage, Parsley, Lettuce, Tomato, Herbs, etc. 12 plants, 12 plants. Beautiful Flower Seeds, pkt. Giant Sweet Peas, and 2 lbs. New Potato. "Gold Flake." Listed at 1d. per lb., and instructions: whole of above named, packed free on rail 2s.; all new seed; cash returned if not satisfied; approval—G. 1. 1/-, —200 GRAND Wallflowers, 12 Splendid Gladioli, 12 Splendid Tulips, 35 Primroses, 35 New Scarlet, 35 Gold Gold, 35 Yellow, 30 Herodias; 400 plants, flower almost at once; 12 Loveliest Gladioli; all free on rail, 1s. G. F. LITTLE, Nurseryman, 139, Highbury, N.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.  
FREEHOLD.—For Sale, Woodford, near Coppin Forest, semi-detached 6-roomed house; bath (h. and c.), nice garden, seed grower, 550. Radley, 139, Highbury, N. South Woodford.

# GREYNESS CONQUERED!

## WONDERFUL LABORATORY DISCOVERY.

Remarkable New Preparation To Be Sent Free of Cost to Grey-haired Readers.

"ASTOL" TURNS AGED LOOKS TO YOUTHFUL CHARM WITHOUT DYES OR STAINS.

IN the laboratories of a famous hair specialist, with the aid of microscopes so powerful as to magnify a single hair to an incredible size, the great problem of how to restore the lost natural colour to grey hair has been solved.

From the very moment of this discovery thousands upon thousands of grey-haired men and women—pre-naturally aged in appearance—have been robbed of all the vicious charm of youth because of grey or whitened hair—have used it, and have thus literally "made themselves young again."

## A WONDERFUL FREE GIFT TO THE GREY HAIRED.

Mr. Edwards—the man who gave "Harlene Hair-Drill" to the world—is the inventor of this astonishing preparation "Astol," and he has decided, in order to let readers see for themselves the wonderful effect of the "Astol" method that supersedes dyes and harmful stains, to distribute free of cost an immense number of trial treatments.

These will be sent out to all who post the coupon at the foot of this column. Not only the grey-haired but those who are just beginning to show the first signs of an "old age" appearance, those who are grey at the temples, and those from whose heads the hair-colour is departing—will be invited to send for the splendid free home trial supply of "Astol," which so speedily and permanently renews the hair with its original natural hue in two-fold youthful lustre, health and beauty.

By simply filling in and posting the coupon below, together with 2d. stamps for postage, you will receive: (1) A free trial bottle of "Astol." (2) A free copy of the remarkable book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," that tells all about "Astol," and how to carry out the simple home treatment.

This remarkable picture shows on the hand a section of a hair, rod devoid of colour, and on the other the wonderful recouping of each tiny cell, effected by "Astol." For your free trial supply simply send the coupon below.

sort to dyes, and this is one of the many reasons why the wonderful free trial distribution of "Astol" will come as such welcome news to every grey-haired "Daily Mirror" reader. Ordinarily "Astol" is sold by all chemists in bottles at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., or direct post free from the Edwards' "Harlene" Co. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

## FOR YOUR FREE "ASTOL" TREATMENT.

To the EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 29-31, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free trial bottle of "Astol." I enclose 2d. stamps for postage to each part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

"Daily Mirror," 30/3/15.

British  
Workers  
say

**Rowntree's**  
ELECT **Cocoa**

"is a most  
Valuable  
Food."



# RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him for his manhood for?"

## New Readers Begin Here.

**CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.**

**RICHARD CHATTERTON**, an easy-going fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

**SONIA MARKHAM**, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

**LADY MERRIAM**, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

**FRANCIS MONTAGUE**, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON** is dozing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents, of which in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Lady Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dicky's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him."

He doesn't care two straws whether he's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. She says happily that she has chosen to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, but when he goes to Sonia, side at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he is to be put in the front line, and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia, however, engages Montague.

Individually old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted. A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all snuffed up in a taxi cab. The man turns his head and looks at her—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight through in the front and is badly. He is going out again as soon as possible.

Montague also sees Chatterton with the pretty nurse walking. He is so glad to see him that he tells Sonia smilingly. More hurt than she will admit, she tells Montague that she will marry him when he likes.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she feels the heat of the next day she nearly runs into Chatterton. He sees her, but does not stop. It is brought more and more to Sonia's mind how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night.

Throwing everything in the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is standing at someone—and as the train moves out she faints.

## A TRAGIC AWAKENING.

SONIA could never quite remember what happened after that moment of madness; she vaguely knew that someone lifted and supported her—that someone with tender, woman's hands bathed her face with cold water; and then she was a long nightmare drive in a taxi cab with her head against old Jardine's shoulder, and then . . . blankness old Jardine.

After that she slept—a long, heavy sleep of exhaustion, from which she woke to the dim silence of her bedroom at the hotel, and Lady Merriam's profile silhouetted against a shaded light. Her ladyship was yawning inelegantly—a yawn instantly checked when she saw Sonia move. She was beside her instantly, bending over her, with motherly solicitude in her face. "And have you had a nice sleep?" she questioned, as she kissed the girl's pale cheek.

"You look ever so much better. . . ."

Sonia knitted her brows at the remark, and had forgotten what had happened—a barrel organ out in the street droning the tune of a patriotic song brought it all back to her; she closed her eyes as if to shut out that last scene at Waterloo; the hurry and bustle, the cheering and hoarse voices; the weeping women, and Richard's smiling face—that last smile that had never been for her. . . .

For a moment she lay still without answering. Lady Merriam was holding her hand. She

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

went on talking in her quiet, motherly voice. "You've been overdoing it lately, my dear. We must take things quietly for a bit. I just told Francis that you had gone to your room and that you were not at all well and could not see him again. He went away at once—"

She paused. Sonia's eyes were open again. "Then—then he doesn't know that I went with Mr. Jardine? Does anyone know?" she asked faintly.

Now, in the light of remembrance, it seemed a world of which she ought to be a spectator, ashamed; of that panoramic nightmare all that stood out clearly was that smile on Richard Chatterton's face and the weeping figure of the girl in the nurse's uniform.

That was why she felt ashamed; that was why with a sudden movement she turned and hid her face in the pillow.

"Nobody knows anything but Jardine and myself," Lady Merriam assured her. "Nobody will, unless you wish it."

She had heard from Jardine himself that their mission had failed; she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry.

"What time is it?" Sonia asked then. "Six o'clock."

"Six!" Sonia knitted her brows. "But—but it was past eight when we were at Waterloo!" she said painfully.

Lady Merriam's kind hand-clasp tightened. "That was Saturday night," she said. "It is Monday now."

"Monday? There was a little anxiety and disbeliever in Sonia's voice; she tried to raise herself from her pillows, but fell back.

"The doctor gave you something to make you sleep," Lady Merriam explained. "If he had not, you might have been very ill. Poor child, I am afraid none of us have understood what a strain you have had to bear lately!"

Sonia lay very still. Monday night! Then Richard had been gone two days. . . .

Richard seemed to faint within her; she lay still; she asked no more questions; and Lady Merriam thought her asleep again.

Presently she stole quietly from the room; she met Montague on the landing outside; he looked worried.

"How is she? Is she awake yet? I don't believe she ought to have had that sleeping draught; I distrust drugs."

"No—of course you can't see her," as he asked an eager question. "Do you realise, my good man, that she has only escaped brain fever by the skin of her teeth?"

"I can't understand it. . . . she seemed well enough when I came on Saturday night; someone must have been saying something to upset or worry her."

"I shouldn't wonder," said her ladyship dryly. "And if you're having a talk you'd better come in the sitting-room; your voice will worry her if she hears it."

He followed her frowningly; he had recalled some terrible hours during the last two days. . . .

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## FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A new book by the author of "Three Weeks."

ELINOR GLYN'S new book is just out and is entitled:

## THE MAN & THE MOMENT

Already it is a great popular success. The "Daily Telegraph" speaks of it as "an entertaining, eager and vivid story, one that will fully satisfy the expectations of Mrs. Glyn's large and loyal public."

The demand for it is exceptionally heavy at Booksellers. It is obtainable at the Libraries if you insist on its being supplied to you.

## THE MAN & THE MOMENT

By ELINOR GLYN.

Cr. 8vo. Six Shillings.

**NOTE.**—Ask at a Bookstall to see the cheap editions of Mrs. Glyn's other novels. "Halcione" has just been issued. Paper covers, One Shilling net.

DUCKWORTH & CO. COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

## SPRING-CLEAN YOUR BLOOD THE RIGHT WAY.

You are not downright ill—but you certainly don't feel well. Every day you are terribly tired, and sleep doesn't refresh you. You wake up with a headache that lasts all day, your appetite is poor, and you are depressed and bothered by trifles. Pimples and eruptions break out on your face and often you get a sharp twinge of rheumatism. . . . This time of year neuritis also starts its merciless work. Any such trouble indicates that your blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has left its mark on you—and the mischief readily develops in other ways.

It is foolish and wrong to dose yourself with violent purgatives (as some people do), in the hope that you can renew your blood that way.

What you urgently need in the spring is a tonic that will make new blood and so tone up your system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills helps to make rich, red blood that clears the skin, revives the appetite, makes tired, depressed men, women and children bright, active and strong.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are THE Spring Cure. Most dealers sell them; be satisfied with nothing else. FREE—A handy Book about Your Blood will be sent free to any reader forwarding postcard request with full address to Book Dept., 49 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv.)

# EVERY HOME

is a danger zone, and no one knows better than mother the need of a quick and reliable healer. Her own cuts, burns and knocks when cooking or cleaning down; the children's scrapes and bruises at play, or those infectious skin and scalp troubles caught at school, all show that every family

## Needs Its Box of

Zam-Buk. This rich balm's pure herbal composition, and the exclusive processes employed in its manufacture, make it a super-ointment with unique Soothing, Healing, and Antiseptic powers. There's nothing else so reliable, so compact, or so economical as

Of Chemists 1/6 & 3/6

# Zam-Buk



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Sir John Dickinson.

scrupulous fairness of the presiding magistrate.

## He Misses Nothing.

The case is an extremely interesting one, and Sir John sat in a typical attitude, with handkerchief to mouth most of the time, with almost a bored, detached manner. But he missed nothing. Every now and again a quick remark or question showed that every word spoken was receiving his fullest attention.

## Very Patient.

Sir John's patience was extraordinary. The prisoner's outbursts at times were almost violent, but the magistrate calmed him, assuring him that he himself was looking after his interests. But Sir John Dickinson has always been a human judge. He was one of the strongest advocates of the children's court, apropos of which I remember a very pretty incident.

## Kissed by a "Prisoner."

A little girl was brought before him there, charged with begging. "Are you not very naughty?" asked the magistrate. The child replied indignantly that she was not, and added: "I want to go with daddy now." Sir John smiled. "Well, this time I think you may," he said. Then the little girl looked up at him and said: "You are good now. I should like to kiss you." And the quite unembarrassed magistrate leaned over and received a sounding childish kiss, shook hands with his little "prisoner," and smiled farewell at her as she left the court.

## Ripple of Good News.

What a wonderful place is London! A ripple of good news and everybody is smiling. Yesterday I lunched in Regent-street at a little restaurant which is absolutely the place just now. It is tucked away in a little blind alley, but everybody goes there.

## Lunch Diplomatique.

A little group of diplomats representing the Allied nations lunch there twice a week, and I had the good fortune to be invited yesterday. The thing that always amazes me is the appetite of a diplomat. Of course, nearly every gourmet of note who has left a dish behind as a legacy to mankind has been a diplomat. And the lunch was really fine, with a pilaff worth remembering.

## Why Serbs Are Cheerful.

To go back to the good news. After lunch I ran across M. Georgevitch, of the Serbian Legation, who has been doing special duty in Paris. Great diplomatic family, the Georgevitches. They are the Salisbury-cum-Lansdownes of Serbia, and speak about twenty languages between them. The Serbian diplomat looked very cheerful and well pleased with himself.

## Await a Surprise.

It may have been the Bosphorus, of course. Certainly Russia is more than doing her share. But a little diplomatic bird tells me that Serbia is going to surprise Europe within the next two months. More I must not say, but the war is going to be full of thrills and dramatic turns.

## Is Dr. Macnamara Scotch?

You might think from his name that Dr. T. J. Macnamara, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, was a Scotsman. Apparently he isn't, nor is he a Devonian, though it was at a recent dinner of the London Devonian Society that the truth was made known.

## Complicated.

It had been suggested that Dr. Macnamara was a Yorkshireman. This he immediately repudiated. "I was born in Canada," he said, "of an Irish father and an English mother. I was brought up in Devonshire, and married a Scotch wife. My only daughter is now the wife of a Welshman." A little complicated, eh?

## Hunt the Uniform.

I had a most exciting time at Murray's Club the other night. I had dined with a "little party" at a restaurant, looked in to see the second part of "5064 Gerrard," and then we went on to Murray's. And there I saw my first "officer-in-uniform-hunt." It is an exciting chase, in which the Provost-Marshal is the master and an A.D.C. and two "Tommies" the chief whip and huntsmen.

## A Chill Falls Upon the Merry Scene.

A sort of procession was formed down the broad stairs at Murray's, and the uniformed official, in solemn state, made a tour of the room between the rows of tables. It was amusing to notice the ominous silence that seemed to fall over the whole place. The Versatile Four were playing a lively "rag," lots of people were dancing, knives and forks were clashing, and cider cup was flowing in an expensive amber-coloured stream, and then suddenly—the life seemed to go out of everyone, and machines only remained.

## Looked as if They Didn't Mind.

Some naval officers who were dancing tried to look as if they didn't care for any red-tape in which the Junior Service might be entangled, while a group of gold-laced, blue-trousered Belgian captains and lieutenants tried to assume a jaunty air.

## In Full Cry.

Some luxurious-looking "Tommies"—Gardsmen and Lancers—stood stiffly at "attention," and the stern-faced Provost Marshal and his assistants pursued their way through the throng of pretty girls, young men, old men, men whose bearing told plainly enough the fact that they were in mufti, and other men whose badges proclaimed their duties as special constables.

## The Shadow of War.

It was all very interesting and exciting, and it was a full five minutes after the portentous band of military authorities had disappeared that the relapse came and excited talk commenced. So did the shadow of war fall on Murray's.

## Woburn Abbey's Hospital.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are caring for a large number of wounded soldiers at Woburn. The Duchess's private hospital, one of the most perfectly equipped in the country, is full, and the great riding school at Woburn Abbey has been requisitioned as a



The Duchess of Bedford.

hospital. She is indefatigable in looking after the comfort of the wounded, and could not possibly show a greater active personal interest in their welfare, while the Duke has organised a splendid training camp—one that offers many suggestions to the authorities, for numerous camps, despite the huge expenditure, lack much that the troops should have.

## The Tenants Like Them.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford do not care for society, and are surprisingly little known generally, but at Woburn and elsewhere they are regarded as the most considerate of employers, and at a time like the present the Duke, in his capacity of great landlord, is behaving with the greatest generosity to his tenants.

## Incurable.

Incurable optimists, these midshipmen. I had a letter from one yesterday who has been away for five months in a super-Dreadnought without a day's leave. He wrote in an exultant, happy tone that there was a rumour that we shall have two days' leave in three months' time.

## Parisians' New Motor-Omnibuses.

"Although we are promised a wonderful improvement in the new motor-omnibuses which are to replace the old uncomfortable vehicles now serving as commissariat wagons at the front," says my Paris Gossip, "Parisians are very sorry to learn that they are not to be given back the 'impériale.' If Londoners can have tops to their motor-omnibuses, why, they ask, can't we?"

## Empty in Bad Weather.

"The reply of the experts is that it is extremely difficult for the conductors to collect the fares on the top; that the 'impériale' reduces by half, in bad weather, the carrying capacity of the vehicle, for Parisians will not sit outside when it rains or is cold; and that it diminishes the 'commercial speed' of the omnibus, as it has to be brought to a dead stop while the passengers on the top get off.

## The Chestnut Trees of Paris.

For many years Parisians used to know when spring had come by the blossoming of an ancient chestnut tree in the Champs Elysées. It was known as "le marronnier du 20 mars," for it always burst into flower on that date, and numbers of Parisians made a pilgrimage to the finest avenue of the world on that day to witness the arrival of spring.

## King Edward's Chestnut Tree.

But the famous chestnut tree perished. Now Parisians have discovered another "marronnier," the sturdy young tree planted by King Edward a dozen years ago in the fine old garden of the British Embassy. I remember seeing his Majesty perform the ceremony, and every time I revisit the Embassy garden I rejoice to find the green-leaved souvenir of the "souverain de l'Entente Cordiale" verdant and vigorous.

## Already in Bloom.

Last Sunday, the first day of spring, it put forth its first tender blossoms, and when the Ambassador went to have a look at "le marronnier d'Edouard VII." he was charmed to find it covered with flowers.

# TO-DAY'S TOILET HINTS

INTERESTING SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S SMARTEST  
BEAUTY ARTICLES—SIMPLE RECIPES MOST EFFECTIVE.

## How to Discard an Unsightly Complexion.

"Toilet Club Notes."

How many women exclaim as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I could only tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing? Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden; that would be too heroic a method and painful, too, I imagine. The worn out epidermis comes off in such tiny particles, and so gradually—requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercerised wash at your chemist, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.

## Why Have Grey Hair?

When a simple, old-fashioned and harmless remedy will correct it.

Few people know that grey hair is not a necessary feature of age—that it can be avoided without resorting to hair dyes. A very old, home-made remedy will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a few days. It is only necessary to get from the chemist an ounce of concentrate of tannin and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Apply this simple lotion to the hair for a few nights with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing the greyness disappear. This recipe is perfectly harmless, is neither sticky nor greasy, and has given perfect satisfaction for many generations to those in possession of the secret.

## A Strange Shampoo.

"Cosy Corner Chats."

"I was much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a tea-

## "Quinney's."

When Mr. Horace Annecley Vachell's new play, "Quinney's," is produced at the Haymarket on April 20 we shall see Miss Sidney Fairbrother in the cast. I have heard very little about "Quinney's" yet, but I suppose we shall find Miss Fairbrother in a low Miss Sidney Fairbrother comedy part. She seems always to play comic landladies or something of that kind.

## Hereditary Comedy.

But Miss Fairbrother has not always played these "ugly" parts. The picture of her at the top of this column shows her as Mrs. Hearty in that pretty play, "Bluebell in Fairyland," and I remember her as a very dainty lady in "The Darling of the Gods." She comes of a family of comedians. Her great-grandfather was the famous Sam Cowell, one of the first of the music-hall "comiques," and she has comedy in her blood.

## Horse-Drawn Motor-Cars.

Life must be a little difficult behind the Russian lines in Poland. In a letter from a friend at Warsaw which I received yesterday he says: "When motoring in Poland it is necessary to have at hand a team of four horses to help draw the motor-car in places where the going is difficult."

## War Time in Madrid.

Although Madrid is probably the European capital the least affected by the war, I hear that many of the inhabitants wear under the lapels of their coats the colours of the countries with which they are in sympathy. So when you meet a Spaniard he simply turns back the lapel of his coat, and you know at once his sentiments.

THE RAMBLER.

spoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in 4 lb sealed packages, enough to make up twenty-five or thirty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful even if she has strange ideas of shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself.

## Blackheads Instantly Go.

The new sparkling face-bath treatment gives instant relief.

A very simple, harmless and pleasant process is now used to remove blackheads and correct greasiness and large pores in the skin. You have only to drop a tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemists, into a glass of hot water, and bathe the face with the liquid after the effervescence has subsided. The blackheads will then come right off on the towel. The enlarged pores immediately contract to normal and the greasiness disappears, leaving the skin smooth, soft, and cool and free from blemish. But to make sure that this desirable result is permanent, it is advisable to repeat the treatment several times at intervals of say about four or five days.

## Is Powder Necessary?

"Practical Suggestions."

I say emphatically, No! There is a simple lotion which can be easily and cheaply made at home, and it is at the same time both effective and beneficial to the complexion. Glimentine is a splendid substitute for face powder, which is at the bottom of many complexion troubles. Get about an ounce from the chemists and dissolve in four tablespoonfuls of water. The result is a fine clear liquid, which instantly gives the face, neck or arms that peach-like bloom of perfect health. There is nothing to equal it for greasy skins, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES  
FOR OBESITY.—(Adv't.)







## EXCITING ESCAPE FROM HOLLAND.

Two Navy Men Bluff Their Guards  
with Dummy Permits.

### NEW BABY'S WELCOME.

An exciting story of the escape of two British Royal Naval Reserve men from an internment camp in Holland was told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by one of the men, Henry Webster, of Kennington.

The two men, who are now in England, were not on parole, and so there is no question of any action being taken either in Holland or in this country with regard to their escape.

"My friend, P. C. Fwell, of Croydon, and I," said Webster, "had been getting sick of the monotony of life in an internment camp and determined to escape."

"Every few days considerable numbers of men, after signing on their honour not to attempt to leave the country, are given permits—small pieces of paper—to leave the camp for a few hours."

"On the day that we determined to make for freedom 150, or rather 152, passed out of the camp gates on leave."

#### PIECES OF PAPER.

"One hundred and fifty had the special permits; the other two—ourselves—had none, but we gave the guard two plain bits of writing paper folded up, which they accepted without question. It was a game of sheer bluff."

"We had a little money, bought tickets for Rotterdam, and took the first train for the port. We actually saw several Dutch soldiers during the train journey."

"We arrived at Rotterdam at night, and spent the dark hours hidden away in railway trucks around the docks."

Luckily for us, we learned that an American relief ship, which had brought food for the Belgians, was to leave the next morning. While it was still dark we found two boys who, for a consideration, rowed us out to the ship in a small boat."

"There was no other way than to smuggle ourselves on board, so we very carefully climbed the ship's side and vanished into the hold."

"A few hours later," continued Webster, "the ship started on her voyage, but not until after she had been steaming for nearly four hours, had dropped the Dutch pilot and was altogether clear of territorial waters did we make our presence on the ship known."

#### TOLD THE CAPTAIN.

"We came out on deck, sought out the captain and told him the truth about our escape."

"Our story tickled him, but as his ship was not calling at any English port he said we should have to work our passage across to Newport, U.S.A."

"But the captain of that American ship was a real sport. As we passed by a 'Downs' off Ramsgate his ship lingered around a little, until two British patrol boats sighted us."

"They came up and held the ship up for examination."

"Then what more natural than that we should be told to jump aboard one of the patrol boats? We were landed at Ramsgate, and later re-cheked London once again, and reported at R.N.V.R. headquarters at Crystal Palace."

"Of course, our unexpected return greatly surprised and delighted our families."

"My friend, who is a married man, was in great glee, for a new baby boy—born while he was in Holland—greeted him when he arrived home."

### DUKE AND FRENCH LAW OF EXILE.

PARIS, March 29.—The newspapers publish to-day an account of the representations which have been made to M. Viviani, the Premier, on behalf of the Duke of Orleans to facilitate the entry of the Duke into the French Army or the allied armies.

The Premier said it was impossible for him to repeal or suspend the law of exile.

As for the Duke serving with the British or Belgian Army, these were fighting on French territory and consequently the difficulties were the same.

But there would be no objection to the Duke's enrolment in the Russian Army, though the French Government could take no initiative in this matter.

As for the Duke entering the Foreign Legion inognito the idea was difficult of realisation and had been abandoned.—Reuter.

### TRAGEDY OF MISSING HAT.

Charged at the Old Bailey yesterday with the murder of Giovanni Pienarosa, an Italian, in Brixton-road, a German subject named Hartung, a porter, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

Deceased, it was stated, was manager of the Romano Club, Brixton-road, and prisoner was a member. One evening prisoner found his hat was missing from his cloakroom when he was leaving. He demanded 10s. 6d. compensation from Pienarosa, which, after some altercation, was paid.

On leaving the club prisoner was followed out, and there were verbal fights. The deceased man was found lying on the ground with a serious wound in the left groin and died shortly afterwards.

Among the 20,000 women who have registered at the Central Labour Exchange up to Friday evening last, 3,800 expressed a desire to do armament work and twenty-four agricultural work, says a last night's statement.

## PORK-PIE SLANDER.

£10 Damages for Telling Vendor He  
Had "Poisoned Enough People."

SHOUTED AT BY SMALL BOYS.

The amusing story of an alleged slander on a pork-pie maker was told in the King's Bench yesterday when Mr. James Bird, of Collier's Wood, Merton, was awarded £10 damages against Thomas D. Edney, licensee of the Standard Beerhouse at Collier's Wood.

Plaintiff, it was stated, was known in the neighbourhood as "Birdie," and his occupation was making and selling pork pies. One evening the plaintiff went into the defendant's house in response to a friend's invitation, "Going to have one?" While the plaintiff was in the beerhouse he sold one or two pies. The defendant, who was serving in the bar, shouted to the plaintiff: "Now, then, Birdie, take your basket out of here; you have poisoned enough people in this neighbourhood."

Plaintiff retorted: "I don't know what you mean by poisoning you. I have served you and your family for the last two years, and I have been a long time poisoning you."

Counsel said defendant's words had a big effect on the plaintiff's trade. Little boys began to call after him in the street and people refused to buy his pies.

Cross-examined, plaintiff said defendant was not a very good customer to him: "I spent as much with him as he did with me," remarked witness, amid laughter.

Counsel: When you went into the bar didn't you say "Come along, boys, here's yer grub; not savoyards and sawdust?"—No. (Laughter.)

Didn't you tell the defendant his beer was rotten?—No. I had had three glasses that day.

Did you sell a lot of pies in this house?—Yes. A glass of beer and a pie before going to bed is a very good thing to sleep on?—Yes; I should think so. (Laughter.)

Counsel said he proposed to call a witness to prove that boys called after the plaintiff.

The Judge: Children have called after men from the earliest ages.

Counsel: Not this man, my Lord.

The Judge: No, because he did not exist in the earlier ages. (Laughter.)

Defendant, cross-examined, said he did not remember saying that the plaintiff's pies had poisoned anyone.

### SERGEANT'S APPEAL.

Sentence of Death Changed to Four Years  
for Manslaughter.

Sergeant William Hopper, 6th Welsh Regiment, successfully appealed at the Court of Criminal Appeal yesterday against sentence of death for the murder of one of his colleagues on Christmas night last.

The Court reduced the verdict to one of manslaughter and reduced the sentence to one of four years' penal servitude.

Mr. Llewellyn Williams, K.C., appeared for the appellant, and said Hopper was in charge of sentries at the Swansea Docks.

There was no doubt that he was drunk at 9.30 in the evening. A private named Dudley was also intoxicated, and, missing a bottle of whisky, Hopper went to Dudley and charged him with the theft. Dudley called Hopper a liar, and a fight ensued in which another private named Gates joined. Eventually both privates were arrested, and Hopper was placed in charge of the escort to take them to headquarters. On the way it was seen that Dudley had not been disarmed, and he was ordered to give up his bayonet. He refused. Force was about to be used to take it away when Hopper's rifle went off, and Dudley fell dead.

The defence, said counsel, was that it was an accident.

He contended that there was ample evidence of provocation to allow the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter. His complaint was that although there was evidence the Judge at no time told the jury that they should take it into consideration, and if they thought justified return a verdict of manslaughter.

The Lord Chief Justice said that the Court had come to the conclusion that the jury should have been given the opportunity of dealing with the question whether there should be a verdict of manslaughter, and it was not right to say that there was no alternative to acquittal or murder.

The view the Court took was that there was sufficient evidence which would justify the jury if they accepted it as true, to find a verdict of manslaughter.

The Court had decided that the verdict of murder could not stand and in accordance with their powers they would substitute for it a verdict of manslaughter.

With regard to the sentence, they remembered that the prisoner had an excellent character. But, although he may have been provoked, there still remained the fact that he shot the man Dudley. No man had a right to do that.

Therefore prisoner would be sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

### PIRATES GO PILLAGING.

PARIS, March 29.—The *Matin* publishes an interview with M. Massard, who was a passenger on board the French steamer *Floride* when she was sunk by the German auxiliary cruiser *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*.

M. Massard says they were met by the German cruiser on February 19. Some German officers came on board, declared the *Floride* a war prize, and proceeded to take away, not only the ship's papers, but a quantity of provisions, some gold, some silver plate, and a number of other objects, all of which were transferred to the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*. The *Floride* was then set on fire. M. Massard adds that the prisoners on board the German cruiser were pretty well treated.—Central News.



## Simply Invaluable!

To every careful housewife  
Perfect Margarine is a treasure!  
It means more money saved;  
more enjoyment for the family.

# PERFECT MARGARINE

is pure, wholesome, reliable.  
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and for making delicious Cakes  
and Pastries it is unequalled.

DOUBLE **1** WEIGHT  
or 6d. for 1 lb.

Freshly churned from Nuts and Milk.

# HOME & COLONIAL

STORES LIMITED



## FRANK MORAN DEFEATS WELLS

In Great Heavy-Weight Contest at  
Opera House.

### WON IN TENTH ROUND.

Frank Moran knocked out Bombardier Wells in the tenth round at the London Opera House last night. Wells was the better boxer, but he could not withstand the onslaughts of the American.

As is always the case when heavy-weights are concerned—and especially Bombardier Wells—the match attracted a huge crowd. Indeed, there seemed almost as many people outside the London Opera House as there were inside.

Quite a remarkable feature of the audience last night was the large number of naval and military officers present, many of whom had so arranged their leave to enable them to see the contest.

#### WOUNDED SOLDIER-SPECTATORS.

A row of seats in the stalls was reserved exclusively for wounded soldiers, and many took advantage of the opportunity of seeing the contest.

Among the spectators there were also a large number of ladies, with whom Wells was, as usual, the popular favourite.

As in many of his previous contests, Wells had to concede weight to his opponent, but his disadvantage in the matter of potage was amply atoned for in the pull he enjoyed in height and reach.

Moran had not been seen in the ring in England since he defeated Fred Storieck three years ago, but Wells had gained several victories since his second defeat at the hands of Carpenter at the National Sporting Club.

In the meantime, however, Moran had stood up to Jack Johnson for twenty rounds in Paris, and that performance alone stamped him as being right in the top flight.

#### A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

Wells was the first to enter the ring, but he was quickly followed by Moran, who had just as big an ovation as the English champion.

As usual, both men were very careful at the start, but Wells at once showed his boxing superiority.

There was a curious incident in the first round. Wells, evidently thinking the round was over, walked to his corner. Moran followed him, hooked him with the left, and for a moment the Bombardier looked in danger. But he recovered, and in the next two rounds was much too good for the American.

Afterwards Wells boxed in very confident fashion, but although he piled up the points he never looked like finishing the contest.

Moran, on the other hand, was always dangerous with his heavy swings, and eventually the Bombardier went down before a terrific onslaught in the tenth round.

## ARMED CHASE IN STREET

Officer Pursuing Deserter in New York  
Wounds Blind Newsvendor.

The thrilling chase of a deserter in Fifth Avenue, New York, which led to the firing of revolver shots and the wounding of a blind newsvendor, was reported in London yesterday in a Central News message.

An officer in plain dress was escorting the deserter across the avenue, when in passing through a crowd of fashionable women the man suddenly determined to make a run for it.

The officer, drawing his automatic pistol, rushed after him and fired some shots in the air in order to give the alarm, the women scattering in all directions.

After repeatedly calling on the deserter to stop, the officer at length fired direct at him, but missed, the bullet striking a blind newsvendor who was standing near by and wounding him in the abdomen.

The officer again fired at the deserter, this time wounding him in the neck.

Despite his wound, however, the man continued his flight until another man succeeded in tripping him up and holding him down on the ground until the officer came up.

Meanwhile an angry crowd had assembled, and an ugly rush was made for the officer, whose somewhat indiscriminate shooting in so public a thoroughfare had aroused indignation.

One well-dressed woman, declaring the officer was a disgrace to his uniform, struck him in the face with her umbrella and he had to be escorted clear of the crowd by the police.

### TELEPHONE POSTS AND A COUNCIL.

Judge Smyly, at Bow Court, decided a dispute between the Postmaster-General and the Leyton Urban District Council.

The Postmaster-General desired to place at various points on the public way ten poles for the purposes of carrying telephone wires, but the council contended that the wires should be conveyed underground on the conduit system, and also alleged that the erection of the poles at the points suggested would lead to a nuisance.

The Judge made an award in favour of the Postmaster-General, subject to the conditions that the poles should be placed as near the kerb as the safety of the traffic would permit.

## ON THE LOOK OUT FOR GERMANS.



Belgians holding the corner of a village. King Albert's gallant little Army is still making progress.

## NOTTINGHAM RACES.

Fruitlands Defeats Carancho in the Spring  
Handicap—An Overlaid Objection.

The outstanding feature of the racing at Nottingham yesterday was the victory of Fruitlands in the Spring Handicap. Like Early Hope, he had failed in the Lincolnshire last week, but in a close finish he now defeated Carancho by a neck.

Colonel Bogy was most prominent in the early stages of the race, but after going half a mile Carancho went on. At the distance, however, the latter was challenged by Fruitlands, who won a fine race by a neck. An objection was immediately lodged against the winner to recrossing, but it was overruled.

Wamba II, thanks to the slow beginning of Canonite, had a very easy task to win the Colwick Plate, and another odds on favourite in Erl King ran away with the Rufford Abbey Plate.

Providor, considered unlucky when beaten by Lagard at Lincoln, made amends by winning the Clifton Plate for Elber, but he was not so well fancied as Archela, a stable companion to Lagard.

The meeting will be concluded to-day, when the chief event is the Newark Handicap. Selections are as follow:—  
1.40—Sherwood H'cap—WILD LASS.  
2.10—Bentley Plate—LAGGARD.  
3.10—Newark Plate—OXYDROME.  
3.40—Westwood Park Plate—MIX UP.  
4.10—Robin Hood Plate—GREAT JACK.  
4.40—Oxton Hurdle—MENLO.

#### Double Event for To-day.

LAGGARD and OXYDROME. BOUVIERE.

### NOTTINGHAM RETURNS.

2.0—COLWICK PLATE. 51—WAMBA II (4.5, Wing). 1. Buongiorno (100-8); 2. Money Bag (100-8). 3. Also ran: Canonite (9-4), Runcliman (8-1), Angel Clare, Bombardier and Dunham (100-8).

2.30—LITTLE JOHN PLATE. 51—MAPPERLEY (6-1, Wheatley). 1. Paganini (10-1); 2. Royal Bangs (5-1); 3. Also ran: Cannon Ball (2-1), Miss Gitta (2-1), Mingle Mine Own, Ayscha, Nitroline, Flying Flora and Pulling Mills (10-1).

2.0—TRENT PLATE. 1st—FAIRLIGHT (10-1, Burne). 1. Le Toquet (7-2); 2. Bill Smuggins (7-1). 3. Also ran: 1.20—COLWICK PLATE. 51—WAMBA II (4.5, Wing). 1. Buongiorno (100-8); 2. Money Bag (100-8). 3. Also ran: Canonite (9-4), Runcliman (8-1), Angel Clare, Bombardier and Dunham (100-8).

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The Deformed (9-4), Emerald Ring (100-30), Countess Lad (8-1), Toothbrush, Antraida and Bedstead (10-1).  
3.30—SPRING H'CAP. 11m.—FRUITLANDS (8-1, Wal. Griggs). 1. Carancho (9-2); 2. Colonel Bogy (6-1); 3. Also ran: Early Hope (2-1), Lovely Boy (8-1), Beth, Shepherd Kinning for Ely-Yama (100-8), Rouleau, Dill Girl and Ventura (20-1).  
4.0—RUFFORD ABBEY H'CAP. 61.—ERL KING (4.5, F. Tomplaman). 1. Hodgkiss (7-1); 2. Gendley (100-8). 3. Also ran: Matcho Paani (6-1), Lionel (10-1), Mountain Eagle, Fortlet Lass, Christabel, Tanbarck, Mellor and Marchal Saxe (100-8).  
4.30—CLIFTON PLATE. 1m. 31.—PROVIDER (6-4, Anderson). 1. Lagard (100-7); 2. Arabella (evens). 3. Also ran: Gandius (10-1), Slave Crag and Fapping (100-7).

### CUP FINAL FOR MANCHESTER.

At a council meeting of the F.A. yesterday it was decided that the final tie for the English Cup should be played on the Manchester United ground on April 24. If a replay is necessary it will take place at Everton. The referee is H. H. Taylor.  
The question of fixing dates for the Cup competition for season 1915-16 was deferred, as was also the date for the annual conference.

### IMPORTANT LEAGUE DECISIONS.

At a special general meeting of the clubs of the Football League the following new rule dealing with players' wages was carried: "All professional players who are engaged or transferred shall forfeit the proportion of wages from May 1, 1915, until the players come up for training for the season 1915-16."

Rule VII was altered to read as follows: "The maximum wage, except as hereinafter provided, shall be £150 per year. After two years, continuous service a player shall be paid £182 per year, and so on by rises of £25 per year every two years. He may be paid up to, but not exceeding, £250 per year, but such increases must be by stages of £25 each two years, and can only be given if the service remains continuous."  
At a special meeting of the F.A. later in the afternoon the alterations in the rules were confirmed.

### THE WORLD OF SPORT.

In a Second League match at Fulham yesterday Fulham defeated Lincoln City by 3 goals to 1.

Jerry Delaney has been matched to meet Sapper O'Neill at the Liverpool Stadium on April 8.

A victory over Patsy Drouillard in Freddy Welsh's achievement. The contest, a ten-round affair, took place at Windsor, Canada.

## FREE CURE FOR ALL URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

For All Readers Suffering From  
Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Neuralgia, Neuritis, Etc.

FAMOUS LONDON PHYSICIAN'S SPLENDID  
GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

A world-famous London scientist and physician is offering to the public as a special gift free supplies of the most successful of all prescription-preparations for the cure of their Uric Acid complaints.

All who suffer the ceaseless pain of Rheumatism, the agony of Sciatica or Lumbago, the scorching pangs of Gout, or the maddening irritation of Neuralgia can have this famous cure in their hands immediately, free of charge.

Whatever remedies you have hitherto tried, this most successful of all—"Urilac"—may be accepted without hesitation. Simply write as instructed below and your free supply, together with instructive medical treatise and full directions, will be sent by return.

It is quite a liberal supply you will receive. From the very first moment of taking it you feel a wonderful relief. A grateful restlessness steals over your pain-racked nerves as steadily and surely this unique specific combines with the blood and rids your system of its terrible burden of Uric Acid.

How terrible a burden it is the reader may judge from the following symptoms—only a few of the most common:—

Stiff, Painful Joints.  
Aching Back.  
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.  
Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.  
Cutting Pains in the Legs.  
Throbbing Convulsive Pains in the Temples.  
Acute Aching Neuritis of the Eyes.  
Rheumatoid Arthritis.  
Draughts of Cold Air "Cutting" the Skin.  
Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

Whichever of these symptoms you may experience from your Uric Acid, you will find "Urilac" effect a lasting and complete cure without interfering with the digestion in the slightest. "Urilac" has only one object—to carry away from the system the Uric Acid that would otherwise form in the system as crystallised or chalky accumulations.

There is no need even to write a letter for your free trial supply. Simply say "Please send me a free supply of Urilac," give your name and address, and enclose in an envelope with 2d. stamps for postage, etc. The envelope must be addressed to The Urilac Co., Dept. D.M., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

"Urilac" may be obtained at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. from all chemists, or post free from the above address.—(Adv't.)

### FINANCIAL.

A.—Special Loans sent by post any distance, secretly, on our signature: all charges (male and female): 25 at 5s. monthly; £10 at 6s. monthly; £20 at 10s. monthly; enclose stamp—J. Savers, 8, Minard-Rod, Partick, N.B.  
C.—We Assist You? Loans granted from £20 to £25,000, on long or short periods, without securities or sureties; moderate charges; no delay; privacy guaranteed; no loss of time or money. Please apply to Central, Chas. Stevens (Ld.), 12, Devonshire-chambers, 146, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

C.—All advanced, £5 to £10,000, privately to city clerks and London men generally in permanent positions on commission notes. No fees charged. Private and prompt. Repayments to suit borrowers; other loans paid off. Richards and Co., 10 to 11, Lincolns, E.C. 1855.

D.—CHERRY LOAN. £10 to £50,000, private and prompt. Wm. H. Whiteman, 42, Pauline, Chesham, E.C. 2.

D.—PHILLIPS offers to lend to all responsible applicants any sum from £100 to £10,000 on their own Bill or Note. Advances on furniture 5 per cent.—89, Regent-st., London, W.

E.—SHEPHERD Way to Borrow. £10 to £10,000, private and prompt. Separate ladies' dept.; call, write, phone, 1891, Museum—B. S. Kyle, Ltd., 85, New Oxford-st., W.

F.—ADIES and Gentlemen need no financial assistance. I should write or call actual lender: loans from £25; no security; no inquiries; no delay. 25, Mark Lane, E.C. 3.

G.—SYDNEY and Co., 60, Chesham, London, E.C. 2. Estab. 25 years.—Cash advanced to any responsible person on exceptionally modern Bill or Note. Repayments monthly or quarterly to suit applicants' convenience; no fees of any kind. Repayments on demand. Loans from £10 to any amount.—Sydney and Co., 60, Chesham, E.C. 2. Estab. 25 years. Telephone 11299 Central.

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IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES  
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ON YOUR SIMPLE PROMISE TO REPAY.

Repayments to Suit your Own Convenience.  
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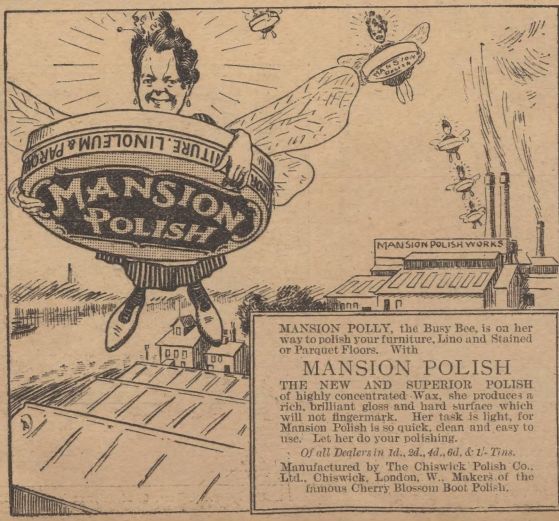
Telephone: Mayfair 500.

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month; carriage paid; catalogue free. Boyd, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

### HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS.

L. LAMUNDO.—Shoreline and sea; bracing air; dry at all seasons; no logs; breezy headwinds; orchestra twice daily; motor tours.—Guide (post 2d.), 31, Town Hall.



MANSION POLY, the Busy Bee, is on her way to polish your furniture, Lino and Stained or Parquet Floors, etc.



Special "Daily Mirror" Photographs from Russia. See Page 1

GERMAN Trench After  
Being Mined by French  
Sappers : : : : Picture.

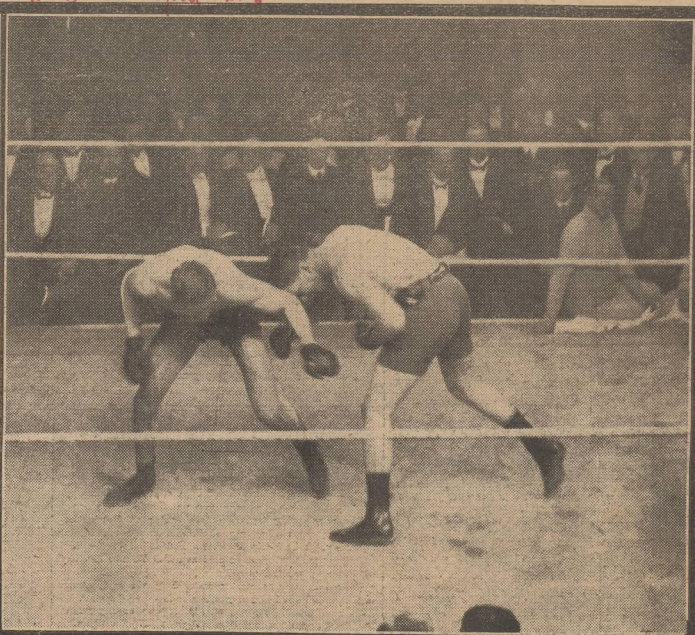
# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

WITNESSES Arrive for the  
"Three Brides Case"  
at Bow Street : : : Pictures.

WELLS BEATEN BY MORAN: THE BOMBARDIER KNOCKED OUT IN THE TENTH ROUND.

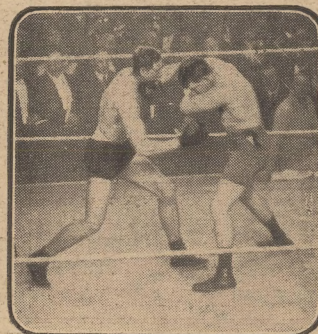
WHOLE PAGE Spad 214



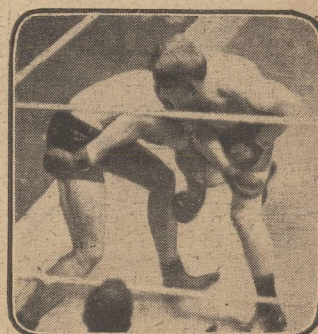
Wells (on the left) avoids a rush by Moran, and sidesteps a left and stops a right swing to the body.



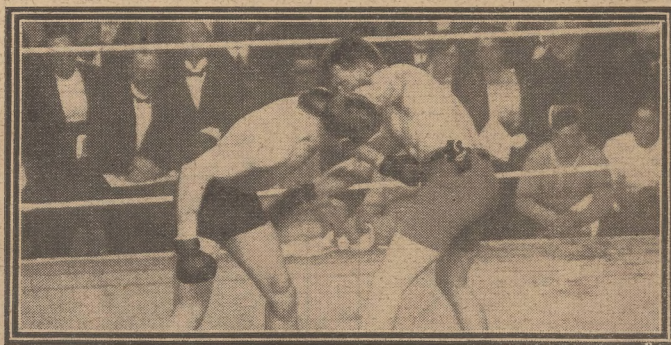
Moran covers up to avoid a right swing.



Moran lands a right under Wells' chin.



A fierce attack by Moran in first round.



Wells has the advantage during in-fighting.

The great glove contest between Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran took place at the London Opera House last night, the former being knocked out in the tenth round.

Wells started a warm favourite at 6 to 4 on. There was a large number of naval and military officers among the audience.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)